Coxe H 55

B. T. 1680.

THE Lord Mayor's Show:

BEING A

Description of the Solemnity

AT THE

INAUGURATION

Of the truly Loyal and Right Honourable

Sir WILLIAM PRICHARD, Kt.

LORD MAYOR of the City of

LONDON,

President of the Honourable Artillery Company,

Member of the Worshipful Company of

MERCHANT-TAYLORS.

Perform'd on Monday, *September* XXX. 1682.

With several new Loyal *Songs* and *Chorus's*.

LONDON, Printed for *T. Jones*, 1682.

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A Song made upon the Election of Sir *William Prichard*, to be Lord Mayor. To the Tune of *Sawny*.

LONDON *is chang'd, and the Times are turn'd;*
The Mayor *and* Sheriffs *are brave and true:*
Poor Whigs! *their Tricks and their Plots are ſcorn'd;*
The Laws ſhall be free, and the King have his due.
What a noiſe and a din has here been of late,
To hinder your Choice with idle debate?
Yet who can think the Whigs *ſo great,*
That only the Whigs *can govern the State?*

Then welcome Great Monarch, *welcome again,*
The real Joy of all true hearts;
This day ſhall ſhew how great you reign
In ſpite of Faction's baſe Arts.
Health to your Princely Brother too,
As dear to Us, as dear to You;
Let him appear, and Whigs *look blew,*
That others can better now govern the State.

And You my Lord, whoſe praiſe this Day
In ſtory never ſhall decay,
Proceed with vigour, and once more
Patterns out-worn of Worth reſtore.
For you can do it, whoſe Great Soul
Is fitted for your High Controule,
To make the Cities Breaches whole:
So farewell poor Whigg, *with their Livery Pole.*

The LORD MAYORS *Show.*

THE Perſons appointed for the Service of the Day, meet about Seven of the Clock in the Morning at *Merchant-Taylor's-Hall*, and are placed in the following order.

I. The Maſter, Wardens, and Aſſiſtants, in Gowns faced with Foyns.

II. The Livery, in Gowns faced with Budge and their Hoods.

III. Divers Foyns Batchelors, in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.

IV. Thirty Budge Batchelors, in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.

V. Sixty Gentlemen Uſhers, in Pluſh and ſome in Velvet Coats, each of them a Chain of Gold about his ſhoulders, and a white Staff in his Hand.

VI. Thirty other Gentlemen, for carrying Banners and Colours, ſome of them being in Pluſh Coats, the other in Buff.

VII. The Serjeant Trumpet, and Thirty Six Trumpets more, whereof Sixteen are His MAJESTIES, the other the Duke of *YORK*'s: The Serjeant Trumpet wearing not only a Scarf of the Lord Mayors Colours, allowed by his Lordſhip as his Fee, but alſo another of the Companies Colours.

VIII. The Drum Major to His Majeſty, wearing a Scarf of the Companies Colours croſs his ſhoulders; Four more of His Majeſties Drums and Fifes attend the Service, alſo Seven other Drums and two Fifes more, each of them (except His Majeſties Servants) are habited in Buff-coloured Doublets, Black Breeches, and Scarfs about their waſts.

IX. The two City Marſhals, Riding each of them on Horſeback, with ſix perſons to attend them, with Scarfs and Colours of the Companies.

X. The Foot Marſhal and ſix Attendants, with like Scarfs and Colours.

XI. The Maſter of Defence, with the ſame Scarf and Colours, having perſons of his own Science to attend him.

XII. Many poor Men Penſioners, accommodated with Gowns and Caps, each of them employed in bearing of Standards and Banners.

XIII. Divers other Penſioners, in green Gowns, red Sleeves and Caps, each of them carrying a Javelin in the one hand and a Target in the other, whereon is painted the Coat Armour of their Benefactors.

Being thus Ordered:

They are by the Foot Marſhal divided into ſeveral Diviſions, and ranked out by two and two, beginning with the Penſioners in Gowns, and in the Front of them placing the Companies Enſigns, four Drums and one Fife, which is the loweſt and moſt inferiour Diviſion.

In the Rere of them fall in four Drums and one Fife, after them the ſeveral Penſioners in Coats, bearing ſeveral Banners and Standards; after them four Trumpets; after the Supporters and Creſt Enſigns of the Company, ſix Gentlemen Uſhers; after them the Budg Batchelors, which conclude the next Diviſion.

In the Rere of theſe fall ſix Trumpets; after them two Gentlemen, bearing two Banners, the one of the Cities, the other of the Companies Arms; after them follow eight Gentlemen Uſhers, and then the Foyns Batchelors, which make up another Diviſion.

After them two Gentlemen Uſhers bearing two Banners; after them ten Gentlemen Uſhers, habited as is ſet down before; and after them the Livery.

In the Rere of theſe fall other of the City Trumpets, and after them two Gentlemen bearing the Banners of the City and my Lord Mayor, and then the Gentlemen and the Court of Aſſiſtants; theſe conclude that Diviſion.

In the Rere of them fall in four Drums and ſix Trumpets; after them three other Gentlemen bearing the Kings, Queens, and Cities Banners; and after them four Gentlemen Uſhers; to follow them are appointed four Pages; and after them the Maſter and Wardens; which conclude all the Diviſions.

In this Equipage they March from *Merchant Taylor's-Hall* to his Lordſhips Houſe, beginning with the Penſioners, until the Marſhal comes, and makes a halt at the Gate, 'till ſuch time the Lord Mayor and Aldermen are mounted.

Which being done, the whole Body move towards *Guild-Hall*, and at *Guild-Hall* Gate the new Lord Mayor joyneth with the old Lord Mayor and his Attendants: So all of them march through *King-ſtreet* down to *Three-Crane* Wharf, and then the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and their Attendance, at the Weſt end of the ſaid Wharf take their Barge; the Court of Aſſiſtants, the Livery, and the Gentlemen Uſhers take Barge at the Eaſt end. The Budge Batchelors and Foyns Batchelors, repair to places of refreſhment.

The Lord Mayors, the *Merchant Taylors*, and the ſeveral Companies Barges haſten to *Weſtminſter*; and by the way his Lordſhip is ſaluted with ſeveral great Guns. His Lordſhip and the Aldermen, *&c.* having a Lane made for them (after their Landing) paſs on to *Weſtminſter-hall*, where his Lordſhip is Sworn; and after having ſeal'd ſome Writs, and perform'd ſome charitable Offices, he takes leave of the Lords and Barons of the Exchequer, *&c.* and returns with the ſeveral Companies to his and their Barges.

His Lordſhip with the Companies that went with him to *Weſtminſter* Land at *Black Fryers*, where his Lordſhip is ſaluted with three Vollies from the honourable *Artillery-Company*; after which the *Artillery-Company* lead the way along by the *Fleet Ditch*, and ſo up *Ludgate-hill*, through *Paul's Church-yard* and *Cheapſide* into *King-ſtreet*, being followed by the ſeveral Companies, Batchelors and Penſioners, who are ordered and led by the Foot Marſhal; in the Reer of whom follows my Lord Mayor, the Court of Aldermen, and Sheriffs. In *King-ſtreet* the *Artillery-Company* make a Lane for his Lordſhip, *&c.* to paſs to *Guild-hall*, (the ſeveral Companies doing the ſame as they come to their reſpective ſtands) and when his Lordſhip is paſt, they cloſe and march to *Guild-hall* yard where they give his Lordſhip three more Vollies, and from thence march the next way to the *Artillery* Ground, the ſeveral Companies repairing to their reſpective Halls, where are provided very ſplendid and coſtly Dinners for their Entertainments.

While

While the Lord Mayor is at Dinner, he is entertained by one of the City Muſick with ſome Loyal Songs, ſuch as this:

Let the Traytors Plot on 'till at laſt they'r undone,
By hurting their brains to decoy us;
We whoſe hearts are at reſt, in our Loyalties bleſt,
What Demon *or Power can annoy us.*

Ambition like Wine, does the Senſes Confound,
And Treaſon's a damnable thing;
Then let him that thinks well ſee his brimmer go round,
And pray for the ſafety and life of the King.

Let *Cæſar* live long, let *Cæſar* live long,
For ever be happy, and ever be young,
And he that dares hope to change King for a Pope,
Let him dye, whilſt *Cæſar* lives long.

How happy are we when our thoughts are all free,
And bleſt in a ſacred Obedience,
While the Politick Fool that's Ambitious to Rule,
Still baukes at the Oath of Allegiance.

He trembles and flees from his numerous foes,
Like a Dear that the hunters ſurround,
Whilſt we hate all that would Monarchy depoſe,
Make the joys of our heart like our Glaſſes abound.

Let *Cæſar* live long, let *Cæſar* live long,
For ever be happy, and ever be young,
And he that dares hope to change King for a Pope,
Let him dye, whilſt *Cæſar* lives long.

Or this,

Live long the great Cæſar, *and long may he Reign,*
His Throne let the Sword of bright Juſtice ſuſtain;
And Jehova *protect with his powerful Arm,*
And guard him ſecure from all dangers and harm;
Of dazling Angels, let Legions ſur-round,
And let him with Conqueſts and Glory be Crown'd.

Let Majeſty ſhine with its ſparkling Rays,
On his Sacred Head let the flouriſhing Bays,
Of Triumph and honour, for ever be green,
And let his proud Foes in Confuſion be ſeen
To fly from his face; let Rome *no more dare,*
To ſend forth her Agents, a Prince to Inſnare.

In whom all the Graces are joyntly combin'd;
Whom God as a Pattern, has ſet to Man-kind;
But let both the Whigs *and Jeſuitical Train,*
Be ſilenc'd in Darkneſs, whilſt Cæſar *does Reign:*
Oh! let his proud Foes be conſum'd in their pride,
Whilſt under his Scepter we ſafely abide.

Or this new Song, which is ſet to an excellent Tune by Mr. *Purſell.*

Since the DUKE is return'd we'le ſlight all the Whigs,
And let them be hang'd for Politick Prigs;
Both Presbyter Jack *and all the old Crew,*
That lately deſign'd Forty One *to renew:*
Make room for the Men that never deny'd
To God ſave the King, *and* Duke *they reply'd;*
Whoſe Loyalty ever was fixt with that zeal,
Of rooting out Schiſm and proud Common-weal:
Then bring up a Bottle each Man in his place,
'Tis a health to the DUKE, Boy give me my Meaſure,
The fuller the Glaſs is, the greater the Pleaſure.

After

After the ſhow, the *Loyal* Spectators entertain themſelves with a Glaſs of Wine, drinking Healths to the Royal Family and Singing ſuch *Loyal* Catches, as this:

Here's a Health to the { King / Queen / Duke / &c. } *down let it fall,*
There goes Ocean, ſhips and all,
Drawer make haſt and quickly provide
A freſh ſupply to maintain this Tyde:
Then let it go round without controul,
'Tis the { King's / Queen's / Duke's / &c. } *Health, drink off your Bowl.*

Cho. And he that Drinks next is an honeſt Soul.

Or this,

Come here's to the Man that lives quiet
And follows his own occupation;
That ſawcily dares not to ſpy at
The ſettled Eſtate of the Nation.

That never in Faction took pleaſure,
Nor ſign'd a ſeditious Petition;
Whoſe Religion no Int'reſt does meaſure,
Whoſe heart we're committed Miſpriſion.

But boldly dares own himſelf Loyal
To every Phanatical Rumper;
And to all of the family Royal,
Moſt freely will take off his Bumper.

FINIS.